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BY

THOMAS PHILIPOTT,

Master of Arts,

(Sontimes)

*Of Clare-Hall in Cambridge.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed by R. A. for Henry Shephard, and Wil-  
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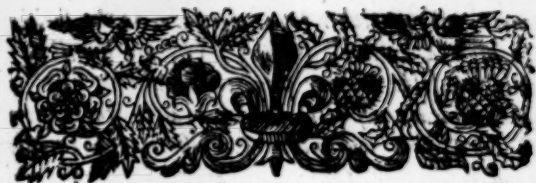
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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
As well by the merit of vertue, as  
desert of birth, MILD MAY, Earle of  
Westmerland, Baron Despenser,  
and Bergherst.

MY LORD,



BE pleased to shed one beame on  
these tender sprigs of Lawrell,  
which will raise them up to that  
growth, that their shadow will  
be able to skreen me from the heat  
of sensure, I have (through a  
throng of other businesse) pressed  
so farre as to present them to your view; my Zeale to  
be knowne to your Lordship (who is knowne to be the  
publike Assessor of Letters) oblig'd me to offer them  
up to your name, and if you think the sacrifice not wor-  
thy of the Altar, let it be burnt, and the flame of it  
will be so happie as to give me light to see my error  
that durst presume to consecrate things of so low an  
estimate,

estimate, without either sap or verdure, to the shelter  
of so high a Patron; so shall I (by my humility)  
entitle my selfe to your pity, that could not (by my  
Poetic) endear my selfe to your praise; for I know  
(my Lord) that your mercy and justice are so equally  
wound up together, that you can at once both judge and  
forgive, him who shall aspire to no further happinesse  
then to be acknowledged

*The humblest of your Servants,*

Thomas Philipott.





## *To the Reader.*

**R**Eader, thou mayst without affrightment look  
Within the pages of this guiltlesse Book ;  
For here no Satyr, masquing in disguise,  
Amongst these leaves in Ambuscado lies :  
No Snake does lurk amongst these flowers, to cast  
Her poyson forth, and mens faire honours blast ;  
And though some staine the paper, when they write,  
And so defile, and sully its chaste white  
With lines of lust, that to wipe out that sin,  
It even wants white to do its penance in ;  
Yet I no Goats bloud in my ink will spill,  
To make loose lines flow from my tainted Quill ;  
No foot or gall I'll mingle, to possesse  
My words with an invective bitternesse,  
Although (perchance) to make them seeme more tart,  
I may some salt to season them impart :  
No, no, the wooll o'th' Lamb I'll only take,  
And that my principall'st Ingredient make :  
So that what ere my teeming Pen shall vent,  
Shall, though not wittie, yet be innocent.

*T. P.*



## To the Authour.

### ENCOMIASTICON.

*T*Is Poetrie thou writ'st, Latines call't Verse,  
Because it turnes off Active, smooth and Terse,  
Greeks call'em Rithme, and Metre, when in sweet  
Numbers, and measure they do fitly meet;

*These rise, and bravely flie,  
Height'ned by Phantasie,  
And make true Poesie,  
Which many misse, that trie.*

*A Poet as thou art, (I may be sworne)  
Was not so made, but rather so was borne.*

Poeta nasci-  
tur, non fit.

*And I may say, when I read many a line,  
Grac'd with high influence, thou art divine;  
The various style endeares it to us more,  
Embroyd' red with Conceptions amplest store,  
Wits curious Tapestry,  
Hymnes, Past'ralls, Elegies,  
Observatives, Divinitie,  
Philosophick Scrutinies;*

*It may be call'd a FLORILEGE for all,  
That have not time for studies generall.*

Philomusus.

T. C.

## P O E M S.

*On the beholding his face in a Glasse.*

SVre if this Mirrour has limn'd out to me  
 My faces true and faithfull imagerie,  
 My cheeks do yet lye fallow, and my brow  
 Is not yet furrow'd with Times rugged plow ;  
 No haire, as yet, has cloath'd my naked chin,  
 Nor wrinkle rumpell'd, or purld up my skin ;  
 Nor has my head one haire, by Cares expence,  
 White with the powder of Experience :  
 But when more yeares shall sit on me, and age  
 Shall dresse me with his liverie, and engage  
 This structure of my flesh to droop, and cares  
 Shall into reverend gray have d'd my haire,  
 And I agen (perhaps) expose my face  
 To the impartiall censure of my glasse,  
 My shadow will enforme me, that it beares  
 (Like me) th' impressions too of many yeares,  
 When shivering agues do congeale the blood,  
 And feavers melt again that purple flood :  
 When I lye floating in a sea of rheume,  
 Being tost with everie melancholy fume :  
 This by its wither'd aspect will declare  
 It symptomes does of the same sicknesse weare :  
 Nay, when sterne death with a rude hand does seek  
 To pluck the Roses out from either cheek,  
 To plant his Lillies there, and does dispense  
 To everie languishing, and vanquish'd sense,

A chill benumbing damp: could I then view  
 The sad resemblance of that ashie hue,  
 That blasts my cheeks, that shadow would put on  
 The same appearance of complexion.  
 How brittle and how transitorie then  
 Are all those props that Nature leans on, when  
 I from this faithfull Mirrour can descry,  
 My shadow is as permanent as I ?

*On the sight of a Clock.*

How fruitlesse our designs would prove, if we  
 Should be possesst with so much vanitie,  
 As with our fraile endeavours, to assay  
 To stop the winged houres in their way?  
 Or fondly seek to chaine up Time, and try  
 To make him with our wild desires comply,  
 Since leaden plummets hung upon his feet,  
 Not clog we see, but make his pace more fleet.

*On a Gentlewoman dying in Child-bed of an  
 abortive Daughter.*

What neare alliance was between the grave  
 Of this dead infant, and the place that gave  
 First life to't ? Here was a sad mysterie  
 Work'd up it selfe, both Life and Death, we see,  
 Were Inmates in one house, making the womb,  
 At once become a Birth-place and a Tomb ?  
 The mother too, as if she meant to improve,  
 In everie fatall circumstance her love,  
 When this unpolisht infant di'd, her breath  
 Resign'd, that she might wait on it in death:  
 And in one Monument might sleep by her,  
 To whom before she was a Sepulcher.

*On a Gentlewoman much deformed with  
the small pox.*

**W**Hat hath this prettie Faire misdone,  
That angrie Heaven so soone  
Mistook the fatall place,  
And buried all her beautie in her face ?

Each hole may be a Sepulcher,  
Now fitly to inter  
Those, whom her coy disdain,  
And nice contempt, has immaturely slaine.

Yet left so great a losse should lack,  
Its ceremonious black,  
She weares it in her eyes,  
To mourne at her owne Beauties Obsequies.

She needs no gloffe to veile those scars,  
And those Hebrew Characters,  
Which (like letters) do display  
The storie of her Beauties sad decay.

That moysture shall embalne 'hem, I  
Will powre from either eye,  
So that those scars she weares,  
Shall need no other Ceruse, but my teares.

*On Julia, throwing snow-balls at him.*

**W**Hilst *Julia* did her snow-balls at me hit,  
She did into my bosome too transmit  
A sudden flame ; 'tis strange that heat should flow  
From such a frostie principle, as snow :

Sure

Sure those successive glances which did rise  
 From the bright Orbs of her refulgent eyes,  
 Made some impression on those balls, and so  
 Subverted the cold property of snow:  
 Yet as that flame which in my heart did reign  
 And darted fire from thence on every veine,  
 Was caus'd by snow, so when I did but rest  
 My hand upon the Alps of her white brest,  
 The snow that lay dispers'd o're that chaste seat,  
 Straight curb'd the uproare of my former heat.  
 Strange miracle, my *Julia* has the art  
 At once with snow to heat and coole my heart.

*To Sir Henry New, upon his re-edifying the  
 Church of Charleton in Kent.*

SIR;

YOU need no Parian or Egyptian stone  
 To build a Tomb for you, your name alone  
 Shall stand, your monument which shall outvie  
 Those fading Trophies in stabilitie,  
 You have the basis of no structures fixt  
 On widdowes ruins, or the mortar mixt  
 With Orphans tears, you with the melting skies  
 May wet your fields, and not your tenants eyes,  
 Moysten it with their dew, you build no shrine  
 To lavish riot, where sin's made divine,  
 And Idoliz'd, you sacrifice no wealth  
 At *Bacchus* Alter, nor give up your health  
 An off'ring to't, or to evacuate rheume  
 Do you exhale whole manners into fume;  
 No Sir, you have imploid your coyne so well,  
 That God himselfe will be accounta ble  
 For what y'ave spent, y'ave laid your treasure in  
 So inaccessible a Magazin;  
 No sacrilegious robber shall purloine  
 Or rust embase the value of your coine:

Y'ave built a house where God himselfe will dwell,  
 And stand himselfe there his own Centinell;  
 Let others sit and brood upon that Ore  
 Which they've collected from the Indian shore,  
 And put themselves to the expence of care,  
 For a wild unthrift, you make God your heire.

*On the sight of a Rivelet, that eight foot off from  
 its Fountain dis-embogues it selfe into  
 the Medway.*

NO sooner did this pregnant spring distill  
 Out of her watry womb this purling rill,  
 But see how eagerly it rushes downe  
 It selfe, in Medwayes neighbouring streame to drowne;  
 And even at its first birth falls upon  
 A ruinous precipitation;  
 Like some unwarie heire, who being of age  
 To act an unthrifts part, upon the stage  
 O'th world, and newly wean'd from the imbrace  
 Of his deceased Parent, does deface  
 His heritage with riot, and makes haste  
 To let himself loose into lavish wast,  
 Powring out his Revenues, to advance  
 Vice in each gay and pompous circumstance,  
 With such profuseness, that he straight is found  
 Plung'd in the Vserers books, and there he's drown'd:  
 And as the river when it has enlarg'd  
 Its channell with that rill the spring discharg'd  
 Into its liquid womb, gliding away  
 With thanklesse speed, its vassalage to pay  
 To the blew Sea-god, does no more reflect,  
 But steales by th' spring that fed, it with neglect;  
 Ev'n so the userer when his bags swell high  
 And grow affected with a plurisie,

Which

Which was with this loose unthrifts ruines fed,  
 And (like some flies) from his corruptions bred,  
 Calls in each wandering glance, and passing by  
 He ne're looks back, lest it be with an eye  
 Of scorne, not pity, nor will deigne to know  
 Him from whose spring his streames of wealth did flow.

*On M. Jo. Joscelin, dying of a Feaver.*

What heat was this wch scorch'd my *Joscelins* heart?  
 And lick'd that oyle up which each vitall part  
 Is daily moist'ned with? what heaps of flames  
 Checquer'd the azure front' spiee of his veines  
 With crimson spots? how did their fervour purle  
 His sinewes? and his skins faire margent curle  
 Into a shrivell'd lump? as if that he  
 Was even growne *Ætna's* epitome,  
 And might be licens'd to be canoniz'd  
 Now for a Saint, since he was sacrific'd  
 To death in fire, and had even undergone  
 By frying, with a Feaver, martyrdome,  
 Which did each part with such continuance burne,  
 His bed it selfe was ev'n become his urne?  
 Yet could my teares this priviledge have gain'd,  
 To have appeas'd that ravenous flame which raign'd  
 Within him, he had not been yet posselt  
 With the cold sleep, nor gone so soone to rest:  
 But this accrues yet to his future glorie,  
 When time shall read the annals of his storie,  
 'Twill find, it was no abject maladie  
 That forc'd his active spirit hence, to fly  
 Into th' Elysian shades, no trembling fit  
 Of a blood-shaking Ague made him quit,  
 And render up his tenement of clay,  
 No slow consumption melted him away,



Making him seem to his spectators so,  
 As if h'ad been a corps a yeare agoe :  
 But that he fell by cooping in a duell  
 With a more noble feaver, and was fuell  
 Only for that disease, with which they say,  
 The world it selfe shall labour i'th last day.

*To a Gentlewoman singing.*

**S**Vre *Philomel's* transform'd to humane shape,  
 For who but she could practice such a rape  
 On our insnared sense, with the calme noise  
 That ecchoes forth from her seraphick voice ?  
 Each Angell that is guardian to a Sphere,  
 Desists from whirling round his Orb, to heare  
 Her warble her tun'd layes, the sullen North,  
 Who in distemper'd murmurs, bellowes forth  
 A rude defiance to the swelling deep,  
 Is by her voices musick rock'd asleep.  
 When all the winds do sally forth t'engage  
 The elements in mutinie, and wage  
 A conflict 'mongst themselves, they straight take truce  
 To listen to her voice, which does infuse,  
 Such charmes into them, that they straight comply  
 In gentle whispers with her harmonie :  
 Swans hearing her but sing, do straight concur  
 In a melodious simphonie with her :  
 Yet (oh sad fate) straining a note too high  
 To equall hers, do straight expire and die.  
*Copernicus's* Pupills may go on  
 Now to protect his wild assertion,  
 And say the earth doth circularlie move,  
 Whilst the dull Planets in their Sphere above  
 Stand still like idle gazers on, since she  
 Has by the miracle of her harmonie,

Accomplish'd this, for at her charming call  
 Thrill'd forth in an enchanting madrigall,  
 The earth appears to move, the knotite rock  
 And aged oak, as if they meant to mock  
 Natures decrees, assemble in loose rings  
 And shake their active feet when shee but sings;  
 Whilst my joy'd spirits too, with nimble streine  
 Make hast to dance Lavalto's in each veine.

*On the death of M. Francis Thornhill, slain  
 in a single Duell*

**W**Hat stratagems inexorable death  
 Does muster up to rob us of our breath?  
 Sometimes he sends a Fever to take in  
 Our forts of earth, sometimes the gout, to win  
 Our ruinous tenements, which being repell'd  
 And their assauls by strength of nature quell'd,  
 He straight imployes the sword, petar and gun,  
 With all the Engines of destruction;  
 To raze our Citadells of clay, which we  
 Accomplish'd in the fate of *Thornhill* see,  
 Who though his heart and vitals bore about  
 Vigour enough to keep diseases out:  
 Yet see how soon the sword had found the art  
 To cut the cordage that made fast his heart.  
 And soule, which thence flew heaven-wards, there to be  
 Indenison'd into eternitie.  
 For though it swam in a red stream from hence  
 I'me confident 'twas white with innocence:  
 But shall his blood, cxhale to aire, the earth  
 Was moistened with, no'twill produce a birth,  
 Of od'rous flowers, to whom there shall accrew  
 (As if they wept for him) a constant dew;  
 Which on the ruines of his earth shall flow;  
 And when the wind from the cold North does blow,

Congele into a pearly masse, so he  
Invested with a shroud of pearle shall be. ?

*On a Farmer, who having buried five of his children  
of the Plague, planted on each of their  
graves an Apple-tree.*

YOU whose bold thoughts do prompt you on to glorie  
I'th number of your issue, view the storie  
Of this afflicted Villager, since he  
Was by th'increase of a faire Progenie  
Made happy, till just God, for mans offence,  
Imploy'd th'infection of a Pestilence  
T'annoy the world, which five of's children gave  
Vp toth' possession of the lavish grave.  
But see what glorious pietie can dwell  
I'th narrow circuit of an humble Cell,  
To preserve life in their remembrance, hee  
Establishes on each grave an apple-tree,  
By that quaint Hieroglyphick to declare  
He was their tree, and they his apples were,  
Which in his estimate did farre outvie  
In tenderesse the apple of his eye;  
And though sterne death had been so much unkind,  
To pluck the fruit and leave the tree behind,  
Yet in that action, he did but show,  
That they untimely to their graves did go:  
To shew in time, what we must likewise do,  
Branches, Trunk, Root, and all must follow too.

*An Epitaph on Mrs. E. VV.*

Reader, if thy indulgent eyes can spare  
But so much brine as will make up a teare,  
Let pietie ingage thee here to lave  
That moisture out upon this beauties grave,

That

That so the turfe bedew'd with it, may teeme  
 Roses and od'rous Violets, to redeeme  
 (By pow'ring forth a balmy dew) her dust  
 From putrid vapours, and her tomb from rust:  
 For modesty, truth, zeale, and meeknesse have  
 A sad interment too, within her grave,  
 Nay even all the vertues are become  
 Her Inmates, and do lodge within her tombe;  
 So that she forc'd us, when she liv'd, to say,  
 She was an Angell cloth'd in weeds of clay,  
 Which to approve when her faire soule was cloy'd  
 With the worlds tumults (which yet still injoy'd  
 A calme of peace, 'mongst all the noise of men)  
 She threw off earth, and fled to heaven agen.

*On the approach of night.*

**W**HY comes forth night array'd in black, when day  
 Does (like an exhalation) melt away?  
 Why hang so many lights i'th vault o'th skie?  
 As if night furnish'd out some obsequie?  
 Why are her tears in dewes so often shed?  
 The reason is, she mourns 'cause day is dead.

*Considerations upon Eternitie.*

**I**Mmense Eternitie! of thee what part  
 Shall I define, since thou a circle art?  
 And when in thee (like the reviving sun)  
 I look for end, I find thee but begun.  
 When I thy first beginning would survey,  
 I find thou nere hadst none: when I assay  
 To sound thy depth, thy depth I find to be  
 A vast and bottomlesse Profunditie.  
 Could we pluck backe those wasted years which are  
 Inrol'd in times moth-eaten Register,

And that collected masse of ages lay  
 Within a scale, we soon should find they'd weigh,  
 Ballanc'd with thee, no more when all is done,  
 Then if we pois'd an atome with the sun.  
 Who then would dote on life which only shrouds  
 The soule in slime and earth, which death unclouds,  
 But not annihilates; or see that fire  
 Which will but breath'd upon by wind expire,  
 Whose flame though't be by nature blowne about  
 The heart and braine, the collick can put out:  
 Who would piece up his tenement of clay  
 With so much art, when rheums may wash't away,  
 And dropsies drowne it? or one sudden gust  
 Of Ague shake it into dust,  
 When with a Feaver it so long may burne  
 It may be both the ashes and the urne:  
 When its whole frame at once may be shook downe  
 With th'earth-quake of a wild convulsion;  
 Why should I in a heap of painted dust  
 Or gilded rubbish then put any trust?  
 Whose chiefe ingredients are our shivering fears,  
 And thrilling sighs, whose cement is our tears,  
 Which kneaded it to shape, on which has been  
 Gods impresse stamp'd till 'twas raz'd out by sin.  
 Nor shall this sully'd medall be refin'd  
 Till it be in the generall fire calcin'd;  
 On which, when 'tis new moulded, God will daigne  
 To coyne the image of his face againe:  
 Whose impresse time shall then no more deface,  
 Nor sin its value anie more embase;  
 When thus both soule and bodie are combin'd  
 In one strict union, and so close intwin'd  
 They ne'r shall be divorc'd, they both shall be  
 Admitted into immortalitie:  
 Vpon whose wings, wing'd too with their own love,  
 And innocence, they both shall soare above

day

And

The pitch of humane thoughts, and with an eye  
 Purg'd from blind vapours and dull mists, descry  
 Those various Essences, whose formes will be  
 Limn'd out i'th Mirrour of the Trinitie ;  
 And all the old Idæis range about  
 By which at first they both were copied out.  
 Next gaze on the Apostles, who do make  
 (In heaven) a new and second Zodiack,  
 For they were the 12 Signes, through which the Sun  
 Of Righteousnesse, his course on earth did run.  
 Then view the Martyrs, from the sacred Reske  
 Of whose pure flames, the light of truth did breake ;  
 Who though they waded through a crimson flood,  
 Which had no spring to feed it but their blood ,  
 And all besmear'd with purple, spar'd from hence,  
 Sit cloath'd in the white Rabes of innocence ;  
 Whilst thus the eye is charm'd, the eare shall be  
 Intransc'd with such melodious Harmonie,  
 That if the soule were not so closely tied,  
 And to the body glorified, allied  
 In such a loving mixture, we might feare  
 That 'twould again be stolne out at the eare.  
 Thus some eternally shall gaze upon  
 That Orb of Light, the blessed Vision,  
 And so to ever-living joyes aspire,  
 Whilst others melt in never-dying fire,  
 Which powres forth flames, but yet displayes no light,  
 Which will both burn, and freeze the damned wight:  
 Where outward tortures shall corrode each sence,  
 And inward fret into the conscience,  
 Where all Arithmeticke will be agast  
 To calculate the yeares of torture past ;  
 And bind them up in numbers, but to tell  
 The yeares to come, will be a second Hell ;  
 For when ten thousand, thousands yeares are told ,  
 And all those thousand thousands yeares are rold

About their Sphere, and Myriads more are done,  
 And yet alas, all is but now begun ;  
 The wretched and captived soule will cry,  
 Oh that I once might live or once might dy :  
 Lord teare the Mountains up, and throw them all  
 Vpon my wretched head, that I may fall  
 Into a heap of Atomes, and may be  
 Seen not of any, lest it be of thee ;  
 Vnlock the Caverns of the earth, and find  
 Amongst those dusky Cells some angry wind ;  
 Whose wild impetuous Gusts so long may blow  
 Vpon my house of earth, until it throw  
 The rubbish in some wildernesse, or thrust  
 The thin remains of my disbanded dust  
 Into some gloomy Vault, where none shall tell,  
 To gleane them up, so thou forgive me hell.

*A divine Hymne.*

O Thou who art all light, from whose pure beames ;  
 The infant day-light streames,  
 And to whose Lustre all the throng of stars  
 Those mystick Characters,  
 Writ in the dusky volumne of the Night,  
 Do owe their stocke of Light ;  
 Who when the Sun, i'th nonage of the yeare,  
 Like a Bridegroom does appeare,  
 Sweet with the Balmy Perfumes of the East,  
 With Lights Embroidery drest,  
 And spangled o're with brightnesse, does array  
 That Planet with each Ray  
 He glitters with, a powerfull spark inspire  
 Of thy Celestiall fire  
 Into my frozen heart, that there may be  
 A flame blowne up in me,

Whose light may shine like the meridian sun  
     In the dark horizon  
 Of my benighted soul, and thence distill  
     Into a pious rill  
 Of contrite tears, those clouds which do controule  
     The prospect of my soule,  
 That so the beams of faith may clearly shine  
     Amidst its Christalline,  
 That I may by th'infusion of their light  
     Learn to spell Christs Crosse aright.  
 And as one touch from *Moses* did unlock  
     The casquet of the rock,  
 And thaw'd its liquid treasures to repell  
     The thirst of Israel;  
 So let this flame dissolve that masse of sin  
     That lies wrapt up within  
 The chambers of my heart, that there may rise  
     Two fountaines in my eyes,  
 Which may put out those scorching flames, which were  
     First fed and kindled there,  
 By that same hot Artillery which lust  
     Into my eye-balls thrust;  
 And as when Feavers blaze within the blood,  
     And parch that purple flood;  
 The sparks and embers of them, are by heat  
     Still'd from the pores in sweat;  
 So when sin flames within me and does roule  
     Its heat about my soule,  
 And sparkles in each facultie, my eyes  
     Being lusts Incendiaries.  
 Oh let this inward sicknesse by that fire  
     Devotion does inspire,  
 Be still'd out, at those pores o'th soule, my eies,  
     In a liquid sacrifice,  
 Which gathering into one heap, may swell  
     Into a holy well,



Wherein when the old Dragon wounds me, I  
 May bath incessantly,  
 And having wash'd my festred wounds, may be  
 Sure both at once of cure and victorie.

*On the death of a Prince, a Meditation.*

IN what a silence Princes passe away,  
 When they're enfranchis'd from their shells of clay ?  
 No thunder-clap rung out this Heroes knell,  
 And in loud accents to the world did tell,  
 He was deceas'd ; no trembling earth-quake shook  
 The frame o'th world, as if 'twere Palsie-strook.  
 There was no bearded Comet did arise,  
 To light a torch up at his Obsequies ;  
 And though so many men should have deceas'd  
 When his great soule was from the flesh releas'd,  
 That *Charons* Vessell should have ceas'd to float,  
 And he have cried, give me another boat ;  
 Not anie yet resign'd their vitall breath,  
 Obsequiously to wait on him, in death ;  
 Thus we may see, Fates unrelenting knife  
 Will even cut a Princes thred of life ;  
 Nor can his spreading power inforce its strength,  
 Or his Dominions extend its length,  
 If from the urne his name first issue forth,  
 Not his tall titles or unfathom'd worth,  
 Can this Prerogative, or Charter give,  
 That he his cheap dull vassall shall out-live ;  
 And though the eyes o'th multitude before  
 Follow'd his presence, and did ev'n adore  
 The earth that prop'd his feet, yet when the rust,  
 Of's monument shall mingle with his dust,  
 Contracted to a span, and the rude wind  
 Shall his abbreviated ashes find,

They cannot from his blast be so exempt,  
 But that he will disperse them to contempt ;  
 So many graves his dust shall (he being dead)  
 Obtaine, yet he be no where buried :  
 Who then in Titles, Crownes, or Wealth would trust,  
 Since he can scarce assure himselfe his dust ?  
 Even in the grave shall so protected be,  
 It shall be freed from forraign injurie.

*To a Lady viewing her self in her Glasse.*

LADY ;

**W**hen Sicknesse, Death's pale Herald does display  
 His Ensignes in your face, and does array  
 Your drooping Beautie with an ashie hue,  
 You straight take counsell of your Glasse, to view  
 How much those roses, that their blushes shed  
 O're either cheek, are shrunk, or withered ;  
 When any spot that lustre does imbale,  
 Which does improve the beauty of your face,  
 You have recourse unto your Glasse, to see  
 What part dares shelter that enormitie ;  
 VVhen you with any fashion would comply,  
 You to your Mirrour straight imploy your eye,  
 To be inform'd, what correspondence there  
 Your shadow does with your faire substance beare ;  
 If in your painting there some error be,  
 Or in your dresse an incongruities,  
 You from your glasse a certaine patterne take,  
 By which your selfe you ev'n a shadow make.  
 Since then in all things you your selfe apply  
 Still to this Christall Index, to discry  
 Each blemish in your dresse, and each defect  
 That clouds your beautie, and by that correct  
 All trespasses, you may instructed be,  
 By this, to know too your Mortalitie ;

Since

Since that fraile Tenement you so perfume  
 With clouds of Mirrhe, and Cassia, and consume  
 So much to piece it up, it may repell  
 Th' assaults of Age, and be defensible  
 'Gainst Times rude Onsets, will soon fade away,  
 And languish to a ruinous decay ;  
 And by its transitorinesse declare,  
 That you your selfe, your shadowes Embleme are.

*On the death of Sir Simon Harcourt, slain at the taking in of Carigs-Main Castle in Ireland.*

**M**ay that pure flame which heated *Harcourts* brest,  
 Break from the gloomy confines of that Chest  
 Which circumscribes his hallow'd dust, and sink  
 Like a spent Meteor downe into my ink ;  
 That that dull juice its heat may so refine,  
 Each drop of it may prove like that, divine,  
 With which each verse of mine embalm'd shall be,  
 And like his fame last to Eternitie ;  
 At common Funeralls each vulgar quill  
 Into some broken rapture can distill,  
 And with the watry tribute of the eye  
 Dissolve into some easie Elegie :  
 Should we not then pay to this honour'd Herse  
 Our griefs drest up in more refined Verse,  
 And mix with it such a large streame of brine,  
 It might these precious Reliques even enshrine ?  
 The gratefull wind would from his ashes sweep  
 Such clouds of dust, that if we could not weep,  
 'Twould throw them thence into our barren eyes,  
 And (though unwilling) force some tears to rise :  
 I am no Laureat, nor does any Bay  
 Surround my Temples, if it did, Il'd lay  
 That wreath (brave *Harcourt*) on thy Tomb, that wee  
 At once might crowne thy victorie, and thee.

But though I weare no Bayes, in either eye  
 Is worne a teare, sorrowes best Liverie;  
 In which I'le steep each verse, that so their brine  
 May distribute some salt to everie line:  
 And when my barren and exhausted eyes  
 Grow bankrupt in their watry Obsequies,  
 And spend their stock too soon, those stars which shin'd  
 To light thee into th' world, and did unwind  
 The Fate of thy great actions, sure will turne  
 To tears, and drop in gelly on thy Urne:  
 Though thus two fountaines flow from either eye,  
 T'embaline thy dust, my Phancy yet is dry:  
 But pardon me, that on thy hallow'd tomb  
 I've stuck no Epitaph, which might become  
 An Index to past ages, and display  
 To times to come, how (through that purple sea  
 Which from thy wounds in such a deluge ran)  
 Thy soule passed o're to th' Land of *Canaan*,  
 White with her innocence, alas no stone  
 Would serve to beare the sad Inscription;  
 For even that Marble that is put in trust,  
 To be the wardrobe for thy weeds of dust,  
 Will to deplore so great a losse (my fears  
 Tell me) by instinct too melt into tears.

*On a Gentlewoman struck blind with  
 the small Pox.*

**W**Hat have we poor unhappie Mortalls done,  
 Such an Eclipse is cast o're beauties sun?  
 What? was this cloud let loose to veile its light,  
 'Cause it too much astonish'd our dull sight?  
 Or did some goddess, fearing we might pay  
 A Superstitious homage to each ray,  
 This beauties eyes powr'd forth, become unkind,  
 And to prevent this tribute strike her blind?

Or are her eyes preserv'd ? and cannot wee,  
 Blinded by too much light their lustre see ?  
 Or has *love* fixt them in the starrie Sphere,  
 To shine by night , as they by day shone here ?  
 If so ; no more let lovers from asfarre  
 Court the loose aspect of the Cyprian starre ;  
 Nor let the erring Mariner no more  
 Worship the Lædan starres, nor yet implore  
 With volleyes of loud sighs, they would dispence  
 From their kind Orb propitious influence :  
 For her refulgent sparkling eyes, that were  
 On earth, the brightest stars in beauties Sphere,  
 And shone with such a clear and constant light,  
 That Our Horizon was by them made bright,  
 Shine forth in heaven, a Constellation, now,  
 And will, from their auspicious Orb, endow  
 Lovers with such mild influx, at their birth,  
 That heaven they've found above, they'l find on earth;  
 And to the Saylor that has lost his way  
 'Mongst the wild Alpes and Deserts of the Sea,  
 Dart such cleare beams that they shall steer him right,  
 So that hee'l need no Pilot, but their light.

*On the death of M. George Sandys.*

WHEN that Arabian bird, the Phœnix dies,  
 Who on her pile of spices bedrid lies,  
 And does t'her selfe a sacrifice become,  
 Making her grave an Altar, and a Wombe,  
 T'inclose her pregnant dust, she can redeem  
 Those ruines she her selfe has made, and teem  
 With a new Phœnix: but now *Sandys* is gone,  
 And melted to a dissolution,  
 I'th Furnace of a Feaver, can his Vrne  
 An equall fine, or interest returne

For those remains it keeps ? Alas, we here  
 Are wholly beggar'd ; for his Sepulcher  
 Is like some thrifty Steward, put in trust  
 To take account of every grain of dust  
 That moulders from the fabrick of his clay,  
 But when the generall fire which the last day  
 Shall sparkle with, shall a new flame inspire  
 Into his Vrne, and that Poetick fire  
 Which was so long an Inmate to his brest,  
 Shall be call'd forth from out that Marble Chest,  
 Where it now lies rak'd up amongst the dust,  
 And embers of his clay ; and when that rust  
 That choakes it up, shall be dispers'd, the light  
 Of this enfranchis'd flame shall shine so bright  
 Amidst our Horison, 'twill seem to be  
 The Constellation of all Poetrie.

Tell me not then, that Piramids disband,  
 And drop to dust ; that times ungentle hand  
 Has crush'd into an indigested Masse,  
 And heap of Ruines, Obeliskes of Brasse,  
 That our perfidious tombs ( as loath to say  
 We once had life and being too ) decay ;  
 And that those Flowers of Beauty which do grow  
 In Ladies cheeks, amidst a bed of snow,  
 Are wither'd on their stalk ; or that one Gust  
 Of a bleake Ague can resolve to dust  
 Those hands which did a Globe and Scepter hold,  
 Or that that head which wore a Crowne of Gold,  
 May be wrap'd up within a shroud of Lead,  
 Neglected, and forgot, since *Sandys* is dead ;  
 Within whose Brest Wits Empire seem'd to be,  
 And in whose Braine a Mine of Poetrie :  
 For who'l not now confesse, that Time's that Moth  
 Which frets into all Art, and Nature both,  
 Since he who seem'd within his active Brain  
 So much of salt and verdure to contain,

He might have ever been preserv'd, is gone,  
 And shrunk away into corruption :  
 But these excursions their Conception owe  
 To passion, or from our wild Phantasies flow ;  
 All that we now can do is to returne  
 Some Flowers of Poesie unto his Urne,  
 Which being burnt in his owne Funerall flame,  
 Wee'l offer up, as Incense, to his name,  
 Which yet by sent and colour will be known  
 T'have sprung from him, and t'have been first his own.  
 And if these Flowers cannot so perfume  
 His name, but that 'twill (mauger these) consume,  
 Our tears strew'd on it, will repeale that Fate,  
 And in his wither'd fame, new life create ;  
 As when the treasures of the Spring are crop'd  
 And by untimely Martyrdom unlop'd,  
 From off their stalke, we can their death reprieve,  
 And a new life by water to them give :  
 So now when *Sandys* like the Springs flowry birth,  
 By deaths rude sithe is mowed from off the earth,  
 And throwne into a grave, to wither there  
 Into a heap of ashes, though no teare  
 Can piece his dust together, we may weep  
 A Bath of tears, in which we yet may steep  
 His memorie, which will (like *Æson*) when  
 'Tis thus manur'd, grow fresh and young agen ;  
 And being thus embalm'd, a Relique lie  
 To be ador'd by all posteritie.

*On the sight of some rare Pieces and Monuments of  
 Antiquitie, in an Antiquaries Studie.*

L Et *Æsons* Storie wast away, and be  
 No more transcrib'd unto posteritie:  
 It must now wither, and disspight of all  
 His powerfull baths, and moistening juices, shall

Grow wrinkled o're with age, decease, and have  
 ( Being dead ) t'entombe it in, no other grave,  
 But dark Forgetfulnesse ; where it shall lie  
 For ever, buried in Obscuritie.  
 For, now Antiquity it selfe, with yeares  
 Grown white and hoarie, with long age, appears  
 Here fresh and vigorous ; things which Ages past  
 Crumbled away, and did decay so fast,  
 They were ev'n thought in a Consumption then,  
 Do here rise up in a full Youth agen :  
 Times *Æsculapius* has done this ; for He  
 'Gainst the disease of Time, a remedie  
 Prescribes, beyond all Druggs : He has the Art  
 T'embalme the fame of things ; yet, not impart,  
 To keep them so that they shall ne're consume,  
 - Whole clouds of Myrrhe, Spice, Cassia, and Perfume :  
 And, as the Loadstone Iron can call out,  
 When 'tis beleaguer'd, and ev'n wall'd about  
 With other wild confused heaps of dust ;  
 So, when mens names grow fretted with the rust  
 Age strewes upon them, and they seem to be  
 Lost in the ruines of mortalitie ;  
 He, from that rude and blended Masse, can bring  
 Their dead remembrance out, and can new wing  
 Those thus rais'd up to life, and make them flie  
 'Bove Times wide reach, up to Eternitie :  
 He can peece up mens scatter'd dust, his hands  
 Mannage a powerfull Scepter, that commands  
 Ev'n Fate it selfe, with which he can make blunt  
 The Teeth of Time, which, Elstrich-like, were wont  
 To feed on iron, piles of brasse devoure,  
 And Natures beauty, like a Moath, defloure.  
 In fine, this study is the publike Ark  
 In which the memories of men embark ;  
 Which, being here repriev'd from death, do shun  
 The being drown'd in deep Oblivion.



*An Epithalamium.*

**T**He Bride is up : Go, bid the Negro creep  
 Into the watrie bowells of the Deep,  
 To gather up those orient Pearles, which dwell  
 In the contracted casquet of a shell :  
 Command him to examine every rock,  
 To pluck off Diamonds from that craggie stock,  
 And hang them all on her, that so the light  
 That breaks from her cleare eys, may make them bright.  
 Behold, the active Bridegroom does appeare  
 Fresh as the Sun, i'th nonage of the yeare,  
 Whilst ev'rie flower unclasps its leaves, as he  
 Walks by, as if they did delight to be  
 Enlivened with those odours, which his breath  
 Does (like rich perfumes) to the ayre bequeath.  
 And now he meets his Bride, whilst from their eyes  
 A numerous constellation seems to rise :  
 So that each one which views them from asfarre,  
 Thinks that each glance of theirs darts forth a starre.  
 And now the Priest has (with his Nuptiall Bands)  
 At once united both their hearts and hands.  
 And, though the Essence of their chaste delight  
 Must be prorogu'd, till Day be mask'd with Night :  
 Yet see, their soules prevent their bodies blisse,  
 Both making hast to couple in a kisse ;  
 Whilst on those twisted beams their eye-balls shed,  
 They even seem each others hearts to thred :  
 So that, their eyes the bodies office do,  
 In mingling thus ; and beget Babies too.

*On a Nymph portrayed in stone, that poured forth  
two spouts of Water from her eyes  
into a Garden.*

**T**Hink that this Statue which now courts your view,  
Was once a virgin of that glorious hue,  
Set out and furnish'd with such charming grace,  
Each durst affirme she had an Angells face ;  
But as those Mineralls, which the teeming Earth,  
Combining with the Sun, improves with birth,  
Do through the womb o'th' Mine their veines diffuse,  
That Metalls like themselves they may produce :  
Ev'n so that rockie hardnesse, which was bred  
Within the caverns of her heart, did spread  
A drowfie numnesse thorow everie sense,  
Whose chilnesse all those Organs did condense,  
That gave attendance on the Braine, (the Throne  
Where Life and Motion sit install'd) to stone :  
But 'cause before those sparkling rayes, her eyes  
Powr'd forth, did make each heart love sacrifice ;  
Thy spouts of teares, though turn'd to stone, distill,  
As if they wept for those their scorne did kill.

*On one dead of a Dropisie.*

**W**E need not here be lavish, and let fall  
Our teares, as tribute, to this Funerall,  
Since here we see the Body did resent,  
And ev'n, by private instinct, so lament  
The Soules departure, that it did appeare,  
Transform'd by griefe, to one continued teare.

*To a Gentlewoman viewing her selfe  
in her glasse.*

C Ruell faire one, think this Glasse,  
Wherein you now behold your face,  
Was compos'd of one who dyed  
For love of you, since he applyed  
His liquid and dissolving eyes,  
So long with teares to sacrifice  
To your disdain, that to relieve  
His Bankrupt and impoverish'd grieffe  
With a fresh stock of moysture, hee  
Melted to a spring, which see  
The cold, but charitable North,  
(Lest a fountaine of such worth  
Should, by vulgar lips, be tasted,  
Or profanely be exhausted)  
Congeal'd into a Chrystall Masse,  
Of which was form'd this Looking-glasse :  
And as your Figure faire did rest,  
Within this Lovers living brest,  
So still you see it doth appeare,  
Though turn'd to Chrystall, harbour'd there

*An Elegie offered up to the memorie of Anna  
Countesse of Caernarvon*

*An Introduction to the Elegie.*

T Hese Flowers of Beautie, Lilly, Violet,  
And blushing Rose, which were by Nature set  
In faire *Caernarvons* cheek, and seem'd to grow,  
(Strange wonder I ) there amidst a bed of Snow,  
By deaths rude hand now from their stalk are rent,  
And throwne (alas) into a Monument,

Where

Where they will wither into dust, and be  
 The types of humane mutabilitie.  
 If then these short-liv'd flowers could not give  
 But so much verdure, as would make her live,  
 Even in her worser part, her earth, what spice,  
 Or Balmie duggs, shall we then sacrifice,  
 T'embalme her name, since there can nothing be  
 That will do this, but flowers of Poesie,  
 Which I have strew'd upon't ; and, though they faile,  
 Such Aromatick odours to exhale,  
 As may this memorie of hers perfume :  
 They'l so preserve it, it shall nere consume.

*The Elegie.*

FOR all those various streames which do entombe  
 Themselves within the Oceans liquid wombe,  
 The Sea payes Impost, and an interest brings  
 Back to the Earth, when it refines to Springs  
 The brackish billowes, and those waters straines  
 To Brooks, and weaves them into all her veines.  
 If the kind waves refund their tribute thus,  
 What fine, or use, wilt thou pay back to us,  
 Vnhappie Earth, for these deplor'd Remaines  
 Which now manure thy shrunk and wither'd veines ?  
 Canst thou unfluce thy thriftie pores, and powre  
 From those Alembicks such a swelling shower  
 Of unctious deaw ? it may her dust o're-run,  
 And rescue it from putrefaction :  
 So that no Colonie of wormes shall dare  
 To plant themselves within her Sepulcher :  
 And, canst thou then, from thy cold wombe dispense  
 Such vapours, and chill damps, they may condense  
 That heap of deaw to sheets of ice, that She  
 Enshrin'd within a Christall cloud may be :  
 So that the sacred ruines of her dust  
 May not disband to Atomes, by the gust.

Of any sawcy wind, or be exempt  
 From their cold Urne, and scatter'd to contempt :  
 Canst thou for that rich blood thy lavish Brest  
 Hath swallowed up, repay thy Interest  
 In purple Flowers ? which being thaw'd with heat,  
 May from their pores such fragrant Odors sweat,  
 They may perfume those Vapours, which her tomb  
 Throwes out in mists from its corrupted womb ;  
 And more refine the aire, then if the spring  
 Did to her Urne, its verdant treasures bring ;  
 But if the needy barren earth repine  
 To pay backe any Interest, or Fine,  
 Vnto her Grave ; my sighs shall be perfume,  
 To aire her Dust, and such a flood of Rheume  
 Shall from mine eyes break loose, that in few years,  
 Her tomb it selfe shall be embalm'd with tears ;  
 Which being thus manur'd and softned, shall  
 Teem with the Rose, and Violet, and all  
 The fragrant Issue of the Spring, whose Flowers  
 Shall alwaies be distilling pious Showers  
 Of Balmy dew, as if they meant to shew,  
 That since their first Originall they drew  
 From out her Urne, they gratefully let fall  
 Those tears as Rights due to her Funerall ;  
 But why do I appeale to stones and flowers,  
 And from their melting pores expect new showers,  
 To stock my tears, since Nature too should bee  
 Her selfe (in grieve) Competitrix with me ?  
 For sure her casquets broak, and false to dust.  
 To which (as her Exchequer) she did trust :  
 The Balmy Perfumes of the Phoenix nest,  
 And all the treasures of the rifled East ;  
 Wherein she circumscrib'd the wealthy toiles,  
 The drudging silkworme spins, and all the spoiles  
 Of ranack'd Elements, for in this Faire  
 Both Indies with their wealth contracted were :

This piece of winnow'd earth, which she did strew  
 With Roses, and pale Lillies, where they grew  
 In kind, and reconciled mixtures, is  
 Now crumbled to a heap of Atomis.  
 This Star which shone with such refulgent light,  
 Our Orb of State was by its Rayes made bright,  
 Is stolne (alas) out of our Horizon,  
 And drop'd to slime and putrefaction;  
 But stay bold Pen, bespatter not her dust,  
 Can her remains shrink into slime or rust,  
 When everie weed that growes about her Urne  
 Shall by my tears to Nard and Balsome turne?  
 But where does Zeale transport me? 'tis a fault,  
 (Sure) to disturb the silence of her vault,  
 And breake that slumber, which like Opium  
 Resolv'd to vapour, hangs about her Tomb:  
 What though deaths impious hand move a disguise  
 Of putrid scales, and threw it o're her eyes,  
 Lest being blinded by their Light, his Dart  
 Might have grasp'd out its way, t'have found her heart.  
 The last dayes flame shall burn these Scales away,  
 And in her eyes kindle a second day;  
 What though amidst our Orb, a star she shone,  
 In Heaven she shines a Constellation:  
 What though those liquid Saphires which each veine  
 Of hers, within her Azure Channells did containe,  
 And those two blushing Rubies Nature thrust  
 Into her lips, be sullied with the dust  
 Of her owne Ruines, when the generall Fire  
 Again refine them, they shall sparkle higher  
 Then al the Easterne Jewelles: for sure the Tomb  
 Is of a neer Alliance, to the womb,  
 For as before the Infant can put on  
 Symptomes of figure or proportion,  
 It must first lye a shuffeld Embrio  
 Pack'd up within the Cell o'th womb; even so

When she has layne a Masse of Ruines, till  
 The Trump at Gods great Audle, with its shrill  
 And awfull voice shall summon, and injoyne  
 Each Tomb its drousic Reliques to resign,  
 Who sleep in dust, that so the Grave may be  
 Both Womb, and Mid-wife to Eternitie:  
 Those Rubies, Saphirs, Diamonds, which are  
 Now lost i'th Rubbish of her Sepulchre,  
 Shall be redeem'd, and purg'd from every staine  
 That does benight their lustre, and again  
 Beknit into one Frame, within which Cell  
 Eternitie shall as an Inmate dwell.  
 Then leave we thee unto thy selfe, faire soule,  
 Exalted farre above the rude controule  
 Of Fate, or the assault of Time, and see  
 From thy bright Orb how everie Entitie  
 The Womb of Nature teems with, comes forth lame,  
 And full of dis-proportion in the Frame,  
 And Structure of its parts, since thou art one,  
 Who wert the Patterne for Prefection;  
 The world lies gasping too: for, 'tis no doubt,  
 But at that wound its life-blood bubbled out,  
 Which death defac'd thee with, and if there be  
 Things yet whose parts display some harmonie,  
 'Tis but thy dole of beautie they ingrosse,  
 Those that want that, are crippled in thy losse.

*Her Epitaph.*

Reader, this Tomb preserves in trust  
 Beautie it selfe resolv'd to dust,  
 For this Marble does inclose  
 The Lilly, Violet and Rose,  
 Beauties Ingredients; which within  
 This shell do lie to be again  
 Hatch'd into flowers, and adorn  
 That naked earth which clothes her urn;

When thou knowest this, unsluce thy eyes;  
 To mourn at Beauties Obsequies,  
 And weep so long, till there appears  
 About her tomb a Sea of Tears;  
 That she may, when the world expires,  
 Gasping in its Funerall Fires,  
 And to purge those sinnes away,  
 Which it contracted every day,  
 Does to it selfe a sacrifice become,  
 Rise, like a second *Venus*, from her Tombe.

*An Elegie on Robert Earle of Caernarvon, slain at  
 the battell of Newberie.*

W<sup>H</sup>oeuer will unsluce his eyes, and lave  
 A streame of pious teares out on this Grave,  
 Sure, cannot think those Obsequies mis-spent,  
 He shall lay out upon this Monument:  
 For, from the stone thus softened by his Eyes,  
 So many sprigs of Lawrell shall arise,  
 That Passengers shall think this tomb the Cell,  
 Where unplum'd victorie did ever dwell.  
 For even she her selfe, when *Dormer* died,  
 Wounded through him, lay bleeding by his side;  
 But he is dead without a sigh or groane,  
 Vented by the worlds Genius, to bemoane  
 His sad decease? for sure, his losse should be  
 Sigh'd out to us, in no lesse Elegie.  
 Do not the gratefull Elements conspire  
 To pay some tribute back for that brave fire  
 Which warm'd his bosome? and does now enshrine  
 It selfe in theirs, which sure will so refine  
 Their dull and sluggish matter, that 'twill be  
 Improv'd agen to its first puritie;  
 If from that foame each wrinkled billow strowes  
 On the embroider'd shore a *Venus* rose,



No lesse, sure, then *Mars* or *Hermes* must  
 Rise from each graine of his unblemisht dust,  
 If every Roman Victor could allow  
 Each act of his a Statue, and endow  
 His name with Trophies, that it nere might rust,  
 Or be obscurely buried in his dust :  
 We must impoverish each Corinthian Mine,  
 And rob the Parian Quarries, to enshrine  
 His name in Marble, for his actions will  
 Each Page in times successive Annalls fill.  
 What Cataracts of shot, what stormes of lead  
 Were oft let loose on his unshaken head ?  
 That those which view'd him from a farre, began  
 Much to suspect they saw a Lesden man :  
 But when they saw him with such speed invade  
 And breake the bodie of a Troop, it made  
 Them change that Faith, and think that he had been  
 Converted to some winged Cherubin ;  
 Or else so brieft and sudden was his Flight,  
 Transform'd into a nimble beame of Light.  
 But shall that flame which did so clearly burn  
 Within his Brest, lye rak'd up in his Vrn,  
 Vntill the last dayes generall Fire transmit  
 A second light to re-ekindle it ?  
 No sure, his tomb cannot so check that Flame,  
 But 'twill breake forth to shine about his name,  
 Or in some bright and shaggle Comet rise,  
 To light a torch at his owne Obsequies.

*A Pastorall Court-ship.*

FAire *Julia* let the heat of Love  
 Which within thy Heart does move,  
 And there is lodg'd as in its Sphere,  
 Still from thine eyes each brinie teare,

In which dull sorrow thou dost sleep,  
 And never teach thy eyes to weep,  
 But when some transcendent joy  
 Does thy glutted senses cloy.  
 Thou art Natures Magazine,  
 Or her casket rather, in  
 Whose narrow precincts she hath pent  
 The treasure that both Indies sent :  
 I'th closets of thy lips she locks  
 The blushing Rubies of the Rocks :  
 In the store-house of each eye  
 Her refulgent Diamonds lie :  
 In thy teeth her pearle she puts,  
 And in each veine a Saphire shunts :  
 Thy haire containes the gold o'th West :  
 Thy breath the spices of the East :  
 And o're thy skins faire Margent's drawn  
 A curtaine of the finest Lawn :  
 So that those Lillies sweet, which dare  
 With thee in whitenesse to compare,  
 To expiate so black a sin,  
 Want white to do their penance in,  
 And their vanquish'd heads do bow,  
 In veneration of thy brow.  
 See how the flowers and plants combine,  
 And their od'rous leaves untwine,  
 That in those sweet Exchequers they  
 May that stock of spices lay,  
 Which (like Easterne winds) thy breath  
 Does to'th perfum'd ayre bequeath.  
 Canst thou these drooping flowers faire  
 With thy powerfull beames repaire,  
 And animate ? and shall not I  
 Light a flame up at thine eye ?  
 See how those Diamonds are dismaid,  
 With which thy bosome is arraid,

Because the splendor that does rise  
 From the Chrysolites of thy eyes,  
 Does transcend their feeble light,  
 And looks as drowfie, as if night  
 Lay hid in them, and with, I feare,  
 Each melt into an envious teare :  
 Canst thou thaw these, and shall not I  
 With those teares that either eye  
 From their brinie Springs impart,  
 Melt the hardnesse of thy heart ?  
 If thou art barren in desire,  
 And canst not burne in equall fire,  
 Those sighs which from my bosome flow,  
 A flame throughout my brest shall blow ;  
 And those frequent tears Ile shed  
 From the cisternes of my head,  
 Shall so manure thy heart, thou'lt be  
 Fruitfull straight in love like me.

*On a sparke of fire fixing on a Gentlewomans brest.*

FAIRE *Julia* sitting by the fire,  
 An amorous spark, with hot desire,  
 Flew to her brest, but could not melt  
 The chaste snow there, which when it felt,  
 And that resistance it did bide,  
 For grieve it blush'd, and so it di'd.  
 Yet lest it should prove ought unkind,  
 It contrite ashes left behind.

*On a spark fastening on a Gentlewomans cheek.*

IF this small spark which bore so thin a blaze,  
 Could in each part so much resentment raise,

And to your cheek so much of anguish waft,  
 And on your skins unblemish't margent graft  
 Such signalls of its rigour; oh then deeme  
 What torments of a far more high esteeme,  
 My martyr'd heart must struggle with, which fries  
 In flames of Love, first kindled by your eyes.

*Ad Joannem Harmarum, Libellum De Lue  
 Venereæ exarantem.*

**Q**uas tibi pratendam grates, qua dona rependam,  
 Harmare, aut meritis ingenti qua fersa refundam?  
 Qui gravidam morbis primo conamine Lernam,  
 Pregnantem malis fecundam discutis Hydram;  
 Vis faceres tantas prima Incrementa ruinas,  
 Crudi & nascentis tituli, tu cæca recludis  
 Arcana herbarum, & Natura scripta pandis,  
 Tu clausa exerces latebrosa cubilia terra;  
 Pugnam abstrusis Mineram quibus eruis antris,  
 Exeria que cruda luis cunabula damnet,  
 Et restagnantem morbi transfundet humorem,  
 Tuque poros referas, cutisque suburbia solvis,  
 Ut tomes excussi laxata per ostia morbi  
 Effluat, & tennes sese detruat in auras;  
 Tu blando Aetnææ subducis clystere flammæ,  
 Et jecur immiti castigas putre Giaco,  
 Atque absterfis terges polluta Diatis  
 Viscera, tranquillo demulces pectora succo;  
 Qui rheuma effusum torpenti compede sistat:  
 Herculeos tua jam manus est enixa labores,  
 Herculeos tua jam manus est partura triumphos:  
 Nam faustè à pigro sacum deterisit acervo  
 Angia statim vappæque excussit inertes:  
 Suspecta Herculeæ tandem est ac emula clava,  
 Quæ fecunda tua famulatur gloria penna,  
 Nam LUIS indomita Lernam, & nova monstra subegit.

*On the death of the much admired and much  
lamented, Mr. Francis Quarles.*

**A**Mongst that solemn Train of Friends, which sing  
Thy Dirge (great Soule) and to thy Name do bring,  
As to some Shrine, the sacrifice of praise,  
Daigne to accept these coarse and home-spun Layes :  
Alas, what can the world expect from me,  
As tribute to thy Hearse, since if there be  
Within me any flame, or heat divine,  
That warms my brest, 'twas kindled first by thine ;  
And from that pure and active Fire did come,  
Which is lockt up i'th Calquet of thy Tomb,  
Whose heat (perchance) may thaw my barren eyes,  
And make them shed some watrie Obsequies,  
But cannot make my drowsie Fancie flame,  
In sad and pious raptures to thy Name ;  
Or light some Poem up, whose glimmering rayes,  
About thy Name in time to come might blaze ;  
Or if it could, that sickly Flame would be,  
But a dim Index to thy memorie,  
And only here remaine like those few bright  
Streaks in the aire, when the expiring light  
Is blind with darknesse, and the day is done,  
To tell the world that there has been a Sun.  
As he that would disband the Diamond, must  
Encounter it with its owne proper dust :  
So he that would enshrine thy Name in Verse,  
Or strew some Epitaph upon thy Hearse,  
Can never any pure, or noble fire,  
Into his dull unactive thoughts inspire,  
Vlesse that Fire his Fancie burnes with, bee  
First lighted by a spark that flew from thee ;  
And as when he that frames a watch, would see  
What loose distemper, or infirmitie,

Is in the Fabrick, how the wheels are set,  
 Or with what pace the sickly pulse does beat,  
 Straight to the Sun applies his eye, and can  
 Cure the disease by his Meridian :  
 So he that would write well, and write of thee,  
 And regularly winde up an Elegie,  
 And in such equall poise his phantasie set,  
 The pulse might with well-paced numbers beat,  
 Must all his lines proportion, and make fit  
 To goe by the Meridian of thy wit.  
 Thus from the duskie confines of thy urne,  
 Thou shalt again to th'bankrupt world return :  
 And after death (Fame shall thee so preferre)  
 Be to thy selfe thy own Executer,  
 That all our summes of wit may seem to be  
 But onely Legacies paid in by thee.

*His Epitaph.*

**R**Eader, this Tombe is put in trust,  
 To keep a heap of learned dust,  
 Which, we dare presume, will shun  
 The Fate of putrefaction.  
 For, that salt which did remaine  
 Cloyster'd up within his braine,  
 Will so preserve his Reliques, they  
 Shall never languish, or decay :  
 However, let our eyes returne  
 Streams of teares unto his urne :  
 For, those his Reliques sure will free  
 From all corruptibilitie :  
 Or els, contracting into one,  
 Will grow another *Helicon*.  
 Nor have we any cause to feare,  
 That we shall want the Muses there :  
 For, when he died, they did become  
 Themselves the Inmates to his tombe.

*A thankfull acknowledgement to those Benefactors  
that contributed to the re-edifying of  
Clare-Hall in Cambridge.*

Should we entomb your benefits within  
Vnthankfull silence, so deform'd a sin  
No teares would expiate, we might seeme to be  
Astonisht by some drowsie Lethargie,  
Or blasted with some Apoplectique Fit,  
VWhich had at once congeal'd both braine and wit ;  
VVe therefore to your Names devoutly pay  
The tribute of our thanks, and would defray  
Our debt in nobler coyne, could we but vie  
In words, with our big thoughts, or amplifie  
Our hands, as wide as we can do our soules ;  
But this in us our thriftie Fate controules :  
For you have snatcht us from the Eearth, where we  
Lay wrapt up in our owne deformitie,  
And have redue'd a House that was become,  
Both to it selfe and Founders name, a tomb,  
And like th'Idæa of the Chaos, lay  
Deform'd, and indigested by decay,  
To shape and beaute, and do so prolong  
Its fading lustre, it againe growes young,  
Like wither'd *Æson*, so that now we trust,  
Twill Phœnix-like revive from out its dust,  
And grow into one Fabrick (though 'twas shrunk  
Before into a scatter'd heap, and sunk  
Almost beneath its ruines) to upbraid  
The coldnesse of these times, which doet invade  
Each hand, and so benums it, that we see  
It cannot open unto Charitie ;  
But to improve, and widen out each Name  
Of yours, to such a spacious length of Fame,

They

They may survive, till time and they become  
 Both Tenants, and both Inmates to one tombe :  
 So that when *Mauselauin's* shrink to dust,  
 And Obeliques of Brasse disband with rust,  
 When Pyramids themselves dissolve, and lie  
 (Mauger their height) low in obscuritie ;  
 And all those swelling piles preceding time  
 Establish't, onely to blanch o're their crimes ;  
 Or fortifie some name, against the rage  
 Of Fate, and the rude batteries of age  
 Shall be dispers'd to ashes, and be spent,  
*Clare-Hill* shall be your lasting Monument.  
 And, though in other tombes you'd shrink away,  
 And melt into corruption, and decay,  
 Your Fame this Charter to it selfe can give,  
 Within this Monument you'll ever live.

*Vpon the sight of a Tombe.*

**W**elcome th' our common Wardrobe, where we lay  
 (When we throw off the luggage of our clay)  
 Our weeds of earth, here the dull Peasant shall  
 (Bating the pomp only o'th Funerall)  
 Sleep even as warm under his turfe alone,  
 As Kings beneath their coverlets of stone.  
 Here slave, and tyrant, in this Marble Cell,  
 Shall calmly meet, and both together dwell,  
 Mingled into one heap of dust : here those  
 That, to improve their interest, do pose,  
 And tire their wearied thoughts out, to display  
 Some Engine, by whose powerfull succour, they  
 May clasp their wide and vast designe, will finde,  
 When they have stretcht endeavour, to unwind  
 Their wild attempts, this Earth is but a bill,  
 Which when they struggle for to grasp, will fall



To dust between their hands, and never suffice  
 Their spacious thoughts, till't stop both mouth and eyes.  
 Here those refulgent eyes, that from their bright,  
 And radiant stock of glances, shed such light  
 Through every part of our dark Orb, they shone  
 A Constellation in our Horizon,  
 Like two inanimate blind cinders, must  
 Lie rak'd up in a shuffled heap of dust :  
 Nay and that fire, which did so often dart  
 Flame into Lovers breasts, till either heart  
 Glow'd with a mutuall fervour, must be here  
 Drown'd in the deluge of a Funerall tear,  
 And in this cabinet of ruines lie,  
 A tribute paid unto mortalitie :  
 Onely those nobler and eternall Fires  
 Devotion in our melting soules inspires,  
 Shall (when this frame sinks into dust, and all  
 The heat that warms this masse of earth, shall fall  
 Into some gloomy vault) soare upwards, hence,  
 Borne on the wings of peace, and innocence.

*On my selfe being sicke of a Feaver.*

Lord, I confesse, I do not know  
 Whether my dust shall yet, or no,  
 I'th furnace of this Feaver, be  
 Calcin'd into Eternitie :  
 Whether through this red Sea of blood,  
 Which in such a swelling flood  
 From the unfluc'd channell ran,  
 I shall passe o're to Canaan :  
 Or that these sweats shall wash away  
 From off my soule that heap of clay,  
 In which, as in some narrow shell,  
 She, like some lazie snail, did dwell :

If it be now thy fatall doome,  
 That I must meek into a Tomb,  
 There by the last dayes fire once more  
 To be made refined Ore,  
 And so receive thy stamp agin,  
 No more to be raz'd out by sin ;  
 And that this Flame I glow with, shall  
 Into my hollow Marble fall,  
 Then warme my soule with heavenly fire,  
 That as these smokie heats expire,  
 I being wing'd with that may flie  
 Vp to Immortalitie.

*On the noyse of Thunder.*

BY Nature w<sup>e</sup> are inform'd, that when a Cloud  
 Vapours cndow'd with heat and cold do shroud  
 The active hot, the sluggish cold assaile  
 So long, till both dissolve their watrie Jaile,  
 And break their watrie chaines, when through the aire,  
 The glittering lightning spreads its fluent haire ;  
 So from those factious strugglings, and those throwes  
 This clouds ore-laden womb is torne with, growes ;  
 That dismall clashing, and the noyse we heare,  
 Which so amazes the astonisht Eare :  
 But these are but conjectures, it may bring  
 Its rise and growth from a far higher spring ;  
 For some malignant Exhalations,  
 Drawne from a Mine of Sulphur, by the Suns  
 Reflex may be inflam'd, or else that Fire  
 The upper Region darts, may Flame inspire :  
 Nay more, some sullen Vapour, which like Hay,  
 Being long bound up in liquid fetters, may  
 Give fire unto it selfe, or there may be  
 Some other dark and gloomie cause, which we

Cannot, whilst dust hangs in our eyes descrie,  
 Which may become its first Incendiarie:  
 God has lockt up the Meteors in a mist,  
 Which skreenes them from our sight, could we untwist  
 The second causes, and divide that Line  
 That Nature ties, yet could we not untwine  
 The threds they're woven out of, or unwind  
 The Mint, where their first Principles were coin'd.  
 Lord, when thou speak'st in thunder from thy Throne,  
 The Eccho of thy Voyce shall be a grone;  
 When thou unclasp'st the windowes of the Skies,  
 Supreme Divinitie, unfluce mine eyes,  
 That when the spangled Aire its lightning weares,  
 Those Flames may be put out with contrite teares.

*On one cured of the Stone.*

O V'r first Originall from stones we drew,  
 Ere since *Dencalion* and old *Pyrrha* threw  
 Stones into men, and since by a defect  
 In Nature, and the sins we daily act,  
 We hatch that in us, which declares to all,  
 We something of our first Originall  
 Still treasure up, which is preserv'd within  
 The caverns of the Lungs, or Reins, and in  
 The circuit of the Bladder, which we try  
 To crush, by each approved remedy,  
 Which peradventure scatters it, yet still  
 We leave untoucht the root that fed this ill,  
 We may the stone i'th Bladder cure, tis true,  
 And that that grates upon the Reins subdue;  
 But yet no Oyle, no Antidote, or Art,  
 But only Grace, can cure the stone i'th Heart.

*A Parley between an Epicure and  
a Christian.*

**Ep.** **W**hy dost thou thus deface thy self with tears,  
Before th'art tenanted by years?

Call in those briny showers of dew, thine eyes

Contribute as sad Obsequies,

To the untrimly Funerall of that grace,

Which did before adorne thy face.

**Ch.** For'd man, these teares are by mine eyes allow'd,

To serve me for a Chry stall shroud,

In whose thin folds, I my old man may hide,

By contrition mortifide;

And with these drops wipe off those spots of sin,

Which have so stain'd my soule within.

**Ep.** But why with throngs of groanes do you enlarge

The Theme of sorrow, and discharge

Volleyes of sighs, that breath were better spent,

In tricking up a complement,

By which you might a Ladies heart surprize,

And yet her brest ne're prejudice.

**Ch.** Vaine man, these sighs, I like my Proxie send

To Heaven, that there they may attend

My scaling that bright Mansion, and be

My Advocates to plead for me,

When all by Gods citation summon'd are,

To be arraigned at his Bar.

**Ep.** But I adjure you to informe me, why

You to such harsh austeritie

Farme out each houre, and to such strictnesse wed

Your life? as if y'had long been dead,

And your soule only mov'd a corps, your frame

Such rigid fasts, to curb and tame

Your carnall tumults banishing delight,

The Confines of your Appetite :

Desist this rigour on your selfe to act;  
 Since y<sup>e</sup> are not able to detect,  
 Whether or no, when you your breath resigne;  
 Any part of you shall decline  
 Th<sup>e</sup> arrest of Death, since Fate sayes all must go,  
 But whither, who can living know?  
 Ch. Foole, therefore do I thus attempt to curb  
 Those passions, that would disturb  
 My purer thoughts, my flesh with fasts empaire,  
 And employ my tongue in prayer,  
 Checking the wild rebellions of my earth,  
 And strangling of them in their birth;  
 That being devested of that earthy weight,  
 Which did oppresse, and clog my Faith,  
 I might on wings of Contemplation flie,  
 And soare beyond the vaulted skie;  
 And by the scrutinie of Faith, Opticks see,  
 What place in Heaven's design'd for mee,  
 Ep. What is that Faith you vaunt of? I have read  
 Natures large Book, contemplated  
 Philosophies myst'ries, but ne're could know  
 The cause from whence Faith first did flow.  
 Ch. You may in quest of Natures secrets end  
 Myriads of years, and ages spend,  
 Till you all knowledge to your selfe ingrosse,  
 Yet ne're know Faith, till you can spell Christs Crosse.

*A Collation between Death and Sleep.*

Death, and his drowisie kinsman, Sleep, agree  
 In all the symptomes of Conformitie;  
 Sleep's caus'd by eating, for the naturall heat  
 Entices exhalations from the meat,  
 Transfus'd to Chylus, which the Braine possesse  
 With an intoxicating drowinesse;

Death too by fatall eating first came in,  
 When our first Parents willfully did sin,  
 And offer'd violence to Gods Decree,  
 Tasting the fruit of the forbidden tree :  
 And as when sootie night her darknesse sheds  
 Through the vast Concave of the aire, and spreads  
 A Vaile o're bright *Hyperion*, we deuest  
 Our bodies, to compose our selves to rest :  
 So our enfranchis'd soules shall likewise be  
 Disroab'd o'th weeds of their Mortalitie,  
 VVhen death shall an eternall night disperse  
 Through all those Functions that with life commerce.  
 And as when the great eye o'th day displays,  
 In the illuminated aire, his Rayes,  
 The Light dispers'd in glimpses does inspire  
 Our hands againe our bodies to attire ;  
 So when the Trump at the last day shall all  
 By its shrill Summons to Gods Audit call,  
 And Christs the Sun of Righteousnesse shall come,  
 To distribute to th' world a publike Doom,  
 Our moulder'd and disbanded bodys must  
 Quit the close confines of their beds of dust,  
 To cloath again our widdow'd Soules, and be  
 Enstated both with Immortalitie.

*In seipsum Febre iterum correptum,  
 & pene confectum*

**H**En me, *Qualis edax liquefactis Ossibus Ignis,  
 Incubat ? attritas qua lassat Flamma Medullas ;  
 Quis Calor in Cineres redigit sinuosa Cerebri  
 Tegmina ? qua tortos laxant Incendia nervos ?  
 Quaeq, fatiscentes obstipant Nubila sensus,  
 Ex cacos volvunt ad inertia Lumina Fumos ?  
 Vt plane Aetnae sum maesta Figura Camini ;  
 Nam veluti Igni cemi serpunt è vertice Clivi,*

*Vndantibus*

*Exdantes flamma fumis, & sulphure anhelat  
 Mæstus Apex montis, coëtoque bitumine fervet :  
 Dum glacie obstrictus torpēt pes montis inertis  
 Quæ Boreæ afflatus torpentes evomit antras,  
 Quæ macra effusis obstipant arva pruinis :  
 Frigora Plumata sic dum nivis amula, pigros  
 Invasera pedes, calefacta per Ilia serpunt  
 Facundi flammis ignes, qui naribus balant  
 Perque Apicem capitis, fumosa incendia volunt.  
 In me congestas fundat puer Hydrus undas  
 Huc glomerent Pléades nimbisque impactus Orion  
 Implicitas nubes, & densa volumina aquarum  
 Hic reservunt, calidas quæ sic effusa Favillas  
 Ignita febris deleant, quâ totius aduro,  
 Et quâ marcentes populantur sanguinis artus  
 Flamma potest febris tantos vibrare dolores ?  
 O Deus æterna est qualis tunc flamma Gehennæ ?*

*On himselfe being stung by a Wasp.*

**W**Hen first this busie testie Wasp did fix  
 His sting in me, and did his venome mix  
 With my untainted bloud, my skin begun  
 To swell to an Imposthumation.  
 How did each part by sympathie complaine,  
 Stretch'd and distorted on the rack of paine ?  
 What flames did this Incendiarie sting  
 From out the narrow quiver of his sting,  
 Into each part ? which through my veins were thrown;  
 And through each Nerve and Arterie were blown.  
 If then a Wasp can so afflict each sense,  
 How great must be the sting of conscience ?

*On the Nativitie of our Saviour.*

**V**VHo can forget that ne're forgotten night,  
 That sparkled with such unaccustom'd Light?  
 Wherein when darknesse had shut in the day,  
 A Sun at midnight did his beams display;  
 And God who mans fraile house of earth compos'd  
 Himselfe in a fraile house of earth enclos'd,  
 Who did controule the Fire, Aire, Sea, and Earth,  
 Was clad with all these foure, and had a birth  
 In time, who was begotten before time,  
 Received a birth, or th' early Sun did climb  
 Th' ascent o' ch East, whom the vast Aire, and Main,  
 And Precincts of the earth could not contain,  
 Is circumscrib'd now in so brieft a roome,  
 Hee's lodg'd i'th circuit of a Virgins womb;  
 Who light to him, that was all Light, did give,  
 And made him, who was life it selfe, to live:  
 Who in her arms bore him, whose hand controules  
 The masse Globe, and bears up both the poles:  
 And what improv'd the Miracle begun,  
 He was at once her Father, Spouse and son:  
 VVho then his Mother was by farre more old  
 Yet equall age, did with his Father hold,  
 VVho was a child, yet with his word did make  
 The world, and with his voice this world can shake:  
 Now Truths great Oracle it selfe was come,  
 The Faithlesse Oracles were stricken dumb.  
 No marvell if the Shepherds ran to see  
 Him, that should everie Shepherds Shepherd bee:  
 VVho was the Door, through whom a certain way  
 To find our life, for all lost sheep there lay:  
 And though this Sun of Righteousnesse did lie  
 VVrapt up in Clouds of darke Obscurity,  
 Yet he could such a stock of light allow,  
 As did the Heavens with a new Star endow,



Which with its beames did gratefully attend  
 Him, who at first those streams of light did lend,  
 And by the Conduct of its Rayes did bring  
 The Easterne Kings to see their heavenly King.  
 And though all Stars, by Natures Lawes, does run  
 A course contrariant to the course o' th Sun ;  
 Yet loe, her Statutes violated were,  
 For here the Sun was followed by a Starre.

*On Christs Passion, a Descant*

DARKNESSE had now clos'd up the worlds bright eye,  
 And drawne a Maske of vapours o're the skie ;  
 And all the beamy tapers of the night  
 In sable clouds had muffled up their light.  
 Twas Pietie called in their beames, th'ad been  
 Found Accessarie else to such a sin,  
 They ne're could have assoill'd, though from their spheare  
 They should themselves have drop'd i'th shape of tears :  
 They had lent light and influence to betray  
 Him, from whose light they borrow'd every ray.  
 When with her pitchy Exhalation  
 Night had thus vail'd the lustre of the sun,  
 A Cataract of armed men did powre  
 Themselves into that Garden, where each flowre  
 By th' Incense of those Prayers that Christ expir'd  
 A balmy stocke of fresh Perfumes acquir'd :  
 And being now broake in, did forthwith run  
 With glimmering torches, to find out the Sun ;  
 Yet could not this thick cloud of men benight  
 This glorious Lamp, the Fountaine of all light,  
 Till th' interposing of false Judas lips  
 Obscur'd his beams, and caus'd a black Eclipse :  
 Yet when he snatcht his treacherous lips away,  
 He straight shot forth such a refulgent Ray,

The Souldiers by their darkned eyes did find,  
 Th' Excellencie o' th Object struck them blind :  
 But as a dying Tapour, when it streames  
 Its fainting light forth in contracted beams,  
 Musters together all its sickly rayes,  
 VVith those to stock and furnish out one blaze ;  
 Our Saviour, so to intimate, that He  
 Still held a League with his Divinitie,  
 Cited together such a stock of Light,  
 That He astonisht the dull gazers sight,  
 And by a sudden damp ev'n struck them blind  
 That were made so before i' th eye o' th mind,  
 Scattering them all to th' Earth, when they were even  
 About to captivate the King of Heaven ;  
 But when he summon'd in his beames to be  
 Again wrapt up in his humanitie,  
 And he appear'd to them in's old array,  
 Cloath'd in a garment woven out of clay,  
 Not spangled o're with those Majestick Rayes,  
 Which did at once enlighten and amaze,  
 They straight invade him ; and his guiltlesse hands  
 Twisted in one with wreaths of cords, ( whose bands  
 Loos'd them ) then guard him to the Judgement-hall,  
 Who had for guard the Quire Angelicall.  
 And now th' high Priest is brought to be accus'd  
 Before the high Priest, who scoft at, and traduc'd  
 Him, unto whom he his own Priesthood ow'd,  
 And from which Spring all other Priesthood flow'd :  
 And then transmitted him, ( who once shall come  
 To doom all Mankind ) to receive his doom  
 From *Pilates* mouth, who though there did arise  
 Thick Exhalation from those Calumnies  
 The black-mouth Jewes belch'd forth, could clearly see,  
 Through those dark vapours Christs Integritie ;  
 And did his Innocence so much resent,  
 That he decreed to wave his punishment,

And leave *Barabbas*, to be offer'd on  
 Their Altar, for his expiation :  
 But they to their first purposes did cleave  
 VVith so much malice, they their King did leave,  
 And chose an abject Thiefe, unhappy they,  
 To let *Barabbas* steale their hearts away :  
 Which when he saw, and that they still went on  
 T'exact of him *Christs* Crucifixion,  
 He left them to their rage, and from his blood  
 VVasht his pale hands, who with a crimson flood  
 VVasht off our sins, so that for this black deed  
 VVater it selfe did expiation need.  
 VVhen thus the Jewes their Saviour had surpris'd  
 (VVho for their sins was to be sacrific'd)  
 They to a feeble Pillar straight did chaine  
 The Pillar that did Natures Frame sustaine,  
 And with rude stripes to plough his back begin,  
 Whose stripes doe heale the wounds impos'd by sin :  
 The souldiers next with supple knees do bring  
 A fained Haile unto their teall King,  
 And with a Crowne of thornes his head empound,  
 VVho with a Crowne of Glorie could surround  
 Their wretched heads, then spit at, and dispise  
 Him, that with spittle gave the blind man eyes :  
 (Strange Prodigie, the King of Kings has none  
 But spittle for his holy Vnction)  
 And with those hands he gave them does embase  
 VVith scarres the sacred impresse of his face :  
 His bodie with a scarlet Robe they dresse,  
 VVho clothes the naked with his Righteousnesse ;  
 And for an awfull Scepter in his hand,  
 They place a Reed, whose Scepter does command  
 The spacious Bulk of Nature, and controules  
 That massie Globe that hangs between the Poles.  
 VVaen they had thus a cloud of hatred shed  
 In showers of scoffs upon his guiltlesse head,

They lead him to mount Calvarie, where he  
 Was to wind up his direfull Tragedie ;  
 And by the way enforc'd himselfe to beare  
 His Crosse, which was reciprocally there  
 To beare up him, where being arriv'd, he's laid  
 Vpon the Crosse, his Altar to be made,  
 The publike Sacrifice, and expiate  
 The guilt of Sin, and crush the power of Fate :  
 And now made ragged with his wounds, and rent  
 With inward torture, being embost, and spent  
 With this last agonie, he did addresse  
 Himselfe t' implore some iulip, to suppress  
 The flames of thirst ; the Jewes did straight prefer  
 A sponge, which was bedew'd with vinegar,  
 To calme his scorching thirst, who did unlock  
 The stony Calquet of the barren Rock,  
 And thaw'd its liquid treasures, to redresse  
 That thirst, which Israel scorcht i'th wilderness :  
 Yet though he cleft that Rock, he could not part  
 The rock contracted in each Jewish heart.  
 When Christ had tasted this sowre Opiate,  
 And saw the Prophecies had spun their Fate,  
 His breath exhaled to purge the aire, and he  
 Resign'd his tir'd and wearied Soule, to be  
 Transported, on the downy wings of Blisse,  
 Vp to the spangled vault of Paradise ;  
 And with it flew the good Theefes soule, who even  
 Stole life at death, and made a theft of Heaven :  
 But lest that Christ, with such neglect should fall,  
 He might want Rites to grace his Funerall,  
 The Sun call'd in his light, to specifie,  
 That men durst do that which he durst not see ;  
 Day put on Night, lest she should seeme to lack,  
 For so great losse, her Ceremonious Black ;  
 The palsied Earth so shook, as if her womb,  
 She meant to open, and become his Tomb ;

The Dead deserted their cold Vrnes, to see  
 Him, that o're Death could claime a victorie :  
 So that it seemes, ev'n Nature here did turne  
 A Mourner too, t'attend him to his Vrne :  
 And now, being dead, a Speare was through his side,  
 By a rude hand dismist, which wound may hide  
 Our numerous sins, or if there be not roome,  
 We may inter them all within his Tomb :  
 The Souldiers too, in lots their fortunes drew,  
 To see to whom Christs garments would accrue,  
 As a just Prize, they dreaded to dissect  
 His seamelesse Coat, yet that we daily see,  
 Which by these barbarous Souldiers ne're was done,  
 We part his Coat by our division.  
 Whilst thus Christs vestments were in Lotterie,  
 Expos'd a prey to Fortune, *Joseph*, he  
*Pilate* (with eyes thaw'd into teares) implor'd  
 Christs body torne with wounds might be restor'd :  
 Thrice happieman, the Body he obtaines,  
 And his owne soule too by that purchase gaines ;  
 And having now his lawfull Boon fulfill'd,  
 He gather'd all those Balmes that were distill'd  
 From weeping Trees, and took those unctions teares,  
 That Myrrha in a Tree imprison'd weares,  
 And made this confluence of Balsoms meet  
 All in Christs wounds, that they might make it sweet ;  
 Then in white Linnen did his Corps enshrine,  
 Whose innocence did cloath his sins as fine :  
 And next, this sacred Relique did inter  
 In the dark climate of a Sepulcher,  
 Hewen in a Rock : Oh ! who'd not breathe a grone ?  
 The Rock it selfe is laid beneath a Stone.

*A divine Aspiration.*

O Thou who art the good Samaritan,  
 Whose hand, when sin both strips and woundeth, can  
 Shed such a balme upon us, 't will ensure  
 Those wounds from rankling, and improve their cure.  
 Be, as thou art, the Embleme of the Vine,  
 And in my wounds powre in thy oyle, and wine.  
 And, as thou heretofore the rock didst part,  
 So with thy grace, Lord, cleave my stonie heart.  
 Naile to thy Crosse my sins, and let them have  
 A room to burie them within thy grave.  
 Thy stripes can heale my stripes, thy righteousness  
 My Scarlet sins with its white robe can dresse.  
 The water lav'd out at thy wounded side,  
 Will wash my guilt off, and that supple tide  
 Which from that place in such full streams did bleed.  
 My soule, even hunger-starv'd with sin, shall feed.  
 Thy wounds shall be my wounds, thy teares shall be  
 My teares ; for, thy whole passion was for me.  
 Let thy all-saving merits but entwine  
 My tottering faith ; thy heaven too shall be mine.

*On the future burning of the World.*

NO more shall the o're-laden clouds dissolve  
 In spouts of raine, and so the world involve  
 In a wild deluge, which shall swell so high,  
 Its towring height shall tempt the vaulted skie ;  
 And even invite the fullen starres, to weare  
 Vpon each glittering beame a mourning teare ;  
 Which they againe shall mutually let fall,  
 As a Rite due to the worlds Funerall.  
 No more shall warie mankind, to beguile  
 The rage o'th Flood, lurk in a wooden Ile :

But when the tainted world is so defil'd  
 With her pollutions, and so deeply soil'd  
 With the dark spots of sin, that 'twere but vaine  
 To think, that water should wipe off each staine  
 That sullies it ; God will display his ire  
 In cataracts of all-consuming fire,  
 With which this Globe of Earth so long shall burn,  
 Till it into repentant ashes turn :  
 And, till, at last, it but one Torch become,  
 To light expiring Nature to her Tombe.

*On a Gentleman buried in one grave with his  
 daughter, before deceased.*

R Eader, those sleep beneath this stone,  
 Whom life made two first out of one ;  
 But having now resign'd their breath,  
 They will grow one againe by death.  
 For, should we on his grave intrude,  
 To view how much vicissitude  
 Attends on Nature, and how she  
 Masks her selfe in varietie  
 Of numerous shapes, and after dare  
 To paddle in his sepulcher,  
 Amongst his dust, we might inferre,  
 He was shuffled into her.  
 For, time determines, that both must  
 Resolve into one heap of dust :  
 But when the world it selfe expires,  
 Panting with heat, and God requires  
 Each gloomy vault, and hollow tombe,  
 To open its corrupted wombe,  
 And give their ashes, which were pent,  
 And cas'd up there, enfranchisement,  
 That being re-edified, they may  
 No more be obvious to decay,

Or Natures Tumults, this last birth  
Will disunite their mingled Earth :  
And, as their first life did divide them, so  
This second life again will make them two.

*On thought of our Resurrection.*

**W**Ho can be of so cow'd a Soule, hee'd feare  
To beregenerate i'th sepulcher,  
Since who exactly looks into the tombe,  
Shall finde 'tis but the embleme of the wombe,  
To which wee're not confin'd, but trusted, so,  
As if we lay there *in deposito* :  
For, when our dust is gather'd into th'urne,  
It lies but hostage till the soules returne.  
And, as the Phoenix, when she gasping lies  
Vpon her tragick pile of Spiceries,  
And glowes with heat, her fleshie cinders must,  
By the Suns rayes, be martyr'd first to dust,  
Before her pregnant ashes can redeem  
Themselves from ruine, or again can teem  
With a new Phoenix : so, before this earth  
We beare about us, can improve its birth  
To immortality, its whole compact  
Must first be so disjoynted, and so slackt,  
It fall to dust ; and then 'twill moulded be  
To such a body, that Eternitie  
It selfe shall farme that Tenement, which shall  
No more be obvious to a Funerall.  
And, as before men can compile, or frame  
Their glasses, they their ashes first i'th flame  
Transfuse to Chrystall ; so, before our dust  
Can be affoil'd from excrements, or rust,  
Ravel'd amongst it by our tombes, and be  
Improv'd to such a cleare transparencie,



It shall no more incumber, or controule  
 The eye from taking a survey o'th soule;  
 It must be by the generall fire refin'd,  
 And be to a translucent Masse calcin'd:  
 So shall each tombe become Gods Mint, where He  
 (Our earth being purg'd from all impuritie)  
 Will on it coyne the Image of his Face,  
 Which Time no more, nor death shall ne're deface.

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